

02

02



NOV. → DEC.

No. 15. ONE and SIX

DONT COMMIT

SOCIAL SUICIDE!

GO TO FORMAL WEAR

Hanging around in the right
clothes . . . means hanging
around in the
correct formal attire

. . . so join the smart set
and go to **FORMAL WEAR**

For your next refreshing
formal luncheon (Christmas
cocktail parties, evenings
at Chateau, Monday . . .)

Let **FORMAL WEAR** dress you
up to kill (or be killed).

Come, have a tea, dinner-out,
dinner-out . . . (Guys have the
gown of your dreams for only
a small living fee. Some
valued at over 100 gns.



PLEASE INDICATE THE TYPE OF FORMAL WEAR YOU
WISH, AND ENCLOSE A CHEQUE, MONEY ORDER OR
POSTAL NOTE TO COVER THE EXPENSE! AND IRRING COST
EXPENSE WILL BE RETURNED

TUXEDO (Hiring cost £3, Deposit £5, Postage 1/2, TOTAL 8/10)
DINNER SUIT (Hiring cost £3, Deposit £5, Postage 1/2, TOTAL 8/10)

DINNER SUIT AND TUXEDO ACCESSORIES (Suit 10/-, shoes, Tie 1/-, socks, Gloves 1/-, Cuff, Dress Jewellery 1/-, cuff, (Please state collar size), TOTAL 14/11)

BRIDE SUIT (Hiring cost 15/6, Deposit 15, Postage 1/2, TOTAL 31/11)
Hiring cost includes Dress Skirt and Collar, White Veil, Head and Gird Links, White Gloves and White Tie (Please state collar size of shirt)

LOUNGE SUIT (Hiring cost £3, Deposit £5, Postage 1/2, TOTAL 8/10)
And for the Ever So
Delicate Green
from 12-15 Dep.
Working Green
from 12-15 Dep.
Ball Green
from 12-15 Dep.
For White
from 12/12-15 Dep.

(Follow these directions)



CHEST
Round throat
high under
arms and
over shoulder
blades.



SLEEVE

Under arm
down to
wrist, measure
all way round
body, neck or
pocket



LENGTH

Length of
jacket from
under back
collar to
shirt edge or
pocket



WAIST

Measure
over hip
measured
without belt



LENGTH

From inside
down from
crotch to
bottom of
cut (Grass
between legs)

Short Size

Back

POST BACK OR RETURN TO

FORMAL WEAR

147a KING STREET, SYDNEY
(at rear of lift)
near Castlereagh St.
PHONE 24-0537

THE PRESS GANG



LIEUT. FRANK PACKARD, of the Tank Corps, and "Daily Telegraph" chief, snapped at "Moonraker" yesterday. He was formerly stationed at Puckapunyal and is a frequent visitor to the week-end race meetings in Sydney, Augus, in which he has a third interest, was the first edition of the Maiden.

Sydney's "Sunray Truth"
August 24, 1964 p.3

Congratulations to the stricken parents of the Australian Press for putting the Press Minister into a 'get tough' mood to business. And with consequence, despite the silver of the midday parade.

The press boys really know what they're talking about.

● **FIELD-MARSHALL "BAGS" HENDERSON** spent WWII in Sicily campaigning against the Australian government's maritime armistice. Stopped in that building tradition, he is in a good position to tell us.

Wise Decision

In these circumstances the decision to introduce selective compulsory service was not only wise and courageous, it was inescapable.

● **LIEUTENANT FRANK PACKARD** was apparently not sufficiently engaged in the second World War to be unable to make fairly frequent visits to Moonraker race and Sydney. From that wealth of experience he is able to say:

The country has no other choice.

● There is even some doubt about SIR ROBERT's own wartime (WWII) experiences, during which he is alleged to have resigned his Commission.

If the population really want a lot of Australian conscription here is a suggestion: Why not draw the first battalion of conscripts from the hellpayers' ranks of the Australian Journalists' Association under the strange command of those old bastion, the newspaper proprietor The Fisher Gang on the Right Wing. 'The Australian' boys on the Left and Grassy Herald plan in the middle. Perhaps Peter Gales could lead a small cavalry division.

Not merely dressing up as a, boys, but cut them MAKING IT.

The pen may be mightier than the sword but here is the big chance for the Australian Press to prove it is the master of both arts.



SYDNEY FOLK CONCERT '64

UNION THEATRE

**Dec. 18th, 19th, 21st
at 8.00 p.m.**

**BETH SCHURR (18th, 19th)
MARIAN HENDERSON (21st)**

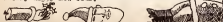
**ROBERT IRVING
JEAN LEWIS
DECLAN AFFLEY
PAUL MARKS
JAN DE ZWAAN
MARTIN JAMES**

6/- & 8/-

Bookings: Nicholson's, Palings
Union Theatre

STOP PRESS

The appeal in the OE case is to be heard on December 14. Therefore, there will be no OE until the beginning of January next year. Due to the success of the OE Legal Appeal Fund, we have been able to obtain senior counsel to conduct our case. We wish to thank all those who contributed to the Fund. In particular, those who organized the successful Charity Concert on Dec 15: John Pinlayson, Garry Shearston and the Tinsie Date and Kaufman. A Blessed Nativity to all our readers and a wholly happy New Year.



SIMPLE AS THE ABC

Just call
me
Darling

It's all a question of discipline, not politics, just a matter of discipline. These men are wild, impetuous, controversial you might say, unless that's too harsh and I wouldn't wish to appear harsh. Better delete than. Make it topical. These men are topical.

Now to talk of political pressure is absurd and quite unrealistic. I will admit that the West Australian premier objected about that hanging film that wasn't made (and won't be shown either if I have a say in it). And Sir Robert and Steddon had a definite point of view on the peace affair. And the RSL has said a few words in the past and they are one of the few organisations with direct access to the government, so I believe Mr Schwartz has said. And he should know.

But that wasn't why we disappointed, no indeed. It was not political expediency that made us do it. It was a much larger point, an issue of principle and that principle was discipline (principally).

It was like a... well a headmaster disciplining his wayward charges. It's something that happens all the time and no one objects—except when it's one of those public man-eating affairs—and the ABC never does these things in public. Dr Darling is an old headmaster himself and has a lot of experience in crimes and such like. He doesn't like it and I can assure you that it hurts him more than it... well, it's not a pleasant thing for anyone. I hope you don't imagine we take pleasure in this.

Think what would happen if we didn't discipline them. The Board of Education (to continue the metaphor) would have to step in and they'd probably discipline the head and senior masters as well as the children. You see, this principle of discipline applies all along the line—from the head down to the pupils.

If you think of the ABC as a school you can appreciate the position much better than if you conceive of it as a... well, something else. You can think up your own examples.

These fellows were bringing discredit to the ABC and giving it such a bad name that parents wouldn't want to send their boys to us. You can't have bad conduct from the individuals that go to make up an ABC and expect people to be generous, can you? You don't realise that every year we have to go to the government and ask for a certain sum for those extra like equipment, overseas air fares, wages and suchlike.

And what did those fellows do, these scoundrels who should have known better? They unthinkingly besmirched the honour of our ABC and threatened our exchequer. You can't tell me they showed any ABC spirit. These chaps don't care about the honour of the ABC. Well, there's nothing for it. There's a principle here. They must be disciplined. Or even expelled if it comes to that.

We've no patience with their type of slow learner around here! We tried all the corrective measures—remedial news reading, friendly chat with the Head, a fortnight's gassing and stopping their pocket money but nothing changed. If they don't own up to their mischievousness and they don't make the grade, why they'll just have to drop out.

We're proud of our name and not every ABC can quote a list of old boys as distinguished as ours. Take the Charlton lad, for instance. Looking back, he's a real credit to us, what with that Rhodes' scholarship or whatever it is. Looking at him from this distance, we feel... frankly we feel pride. He's gone a long way and we started him on the road. Even if he doesn't work for us now, every film he sends back is a fine tribute to us which we are proud to show, after editing. Then there's all the Project of team and a couple on Seven days. Got their early schooling here and do you think they aren't grateful? May have outgrown us in little ways but you can see their initials carved on the desks here and we left our mark on them, too.

Yes, the ABC is performing a wonderful job—as a Prep School for the big boys of Commercial TV. What a pity the bright boys always leave us. I wonder why!

You know the old TV game of "Tell the Truth". This has just been served hot amongst the ABC.

Although the game has always involved telling lies—in the Channel 9 version a panel is required to select the astutest lie—X! from a batch of pretending participants—the ABC has now widened the rules to include the general public.

We have to guess whether the ABC officers or those employees are telling the truth when they offer contradictory replies to the same question.

Actually the first time they played this game was before the Arbitration Commission. Mr Roberts during a relay dispute between the Commission and the Staff Association in 1968.

So Charles Mann and Mr Talbot Duckman, on behalf of the ABC, submitted a document purporting to describe the duties and responsibilities of its news officers.

But Mr Roberts was rather a quick sport and told Sir Charles he had "wonderfully good doubts as to the consistency of some of the facts". He also found that there were inconsistencies between it and other evidence he had heard.

The next month there was between Channel 7's leader and Alan Ashbolt. In this case the public had an abundance of facts and it was extremely easy to decide who was really telling the truth.

Other instances are more subtle and require more research. When the Chairman of "Any Questions" was asked some time ago the official answer was that he had failed to apply for a permanent position and he wanted that elapsed. But the Chairman, Charles Butler, was quoted in the student paper "Hunt 500" as saying that he had in fact applied for a permanent position on several occasions. Consequently, the ruling occurred during a time when pressure groups had been complaining that "Any Questions" was far too "an Christian".

Another time, an ABC official was so indignant not by the statement of an employee but by a list of lies. Channel 2 had accused a BBC front of an interview with French politician M. Valadier had declined to show it because they said, it was technically unsatisfactory. However, Channel 7 showed the same interview. It later became known that the Government had asked the ABC not to show the film because Valadier was criticised by the GPs.

There are many other trivial instances of internal discrepancies over here. It's fun to watch the guess and watch race with against the lies of the ABC official.



The Bible legend tells us that the absence of labour — idleness — was a condition of the first man's blessedness before the Fall. Fallen man has retained a love of idleness, but the cruel weights on the race not only because we have to seek our food in the sweat of our brows, but because our moral nature is such that we cannot be happy idle and at ease. An inner voice tells us we are in the wrong if we are idle. If man could find a state in which he felt that though idle he was fulfilling his duty, he would have found one of the conditions of man's primitive blessedness. And such a state of obligatory and irreproachable idleness is the lot of a whole class — the military. The chief attraction of military service consisted and still consists in this compulsory and irreproachable idleness.

L. N. TOLSTOY: War and Peace, Bk. VII, Chap. I.



THE OZ AUSTRALIAN HISTORY BOOK

Do you ever get the idea you've heard it all before? Conscription, inequality and unenlightened government seem to be topical at present but when Frank Moorhouse went scuttling back to the history books he discovered Three Lessons for Political Beginners . . .

Lesson 3.

Good Morning Children.

Today we study the life and times of William Morris Hughes, affectionately known by many Australians as the 'bald digger'.

Now that he is dead he has a place as a hero in Martin Place on Anzac Day to tell the men and women who are marching to mark the two world wars fought for freedom can observe it with respect.

Two men on today's lesson unfold, find the law, formulae, formulae and the little digger, formulae to understand.

The little digger was Australia's most successful statesman.

He guided and directed men for their opinions to improve and learned, men's opinions and suggestions, he created the official records of parliament, he created the most of parliamentarians, he created a special policy book, he created a kind of parliament for the people and he created equal equality in the language of politics.

During the first world war Hughes as Prime Minister, was the leading advocate of conscription.

Conscription, children, is the method government has to force men to fight in wars where they are not necessarily prepared to fight.

Mr Hughes died in 1953 with Hughes as a Minister, Prime Minister. Against the wishes of many in the labour party, Hughes refused to increase conscription and conscription.

The labour party split as the men and Hughes together with some rebels known as the labour party as men formed a new government with the opposition.

It is pleased to see some children using the fact that Hughes was able to switch sides to study.

Under Hughes' leadership the Chartist and the United Australian Art the War Production Act were passed. The three Acts gave the government wide powers of action, to control organisations and to control political action.

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Lesson 1.

Good Morning Children.

In the last lesson on the first settlement in Australia we learned that the main problem faced by the new colony was the lack of sufficient food.

Today we will study the second major problem faced by the authorities in the new colony—how to enforce conventional social morality.

The situation was widely described as 'a lot of land' where the Government sent Governor Macquarie to the colony in 1810. One of his main tasks was to enforce marriage and childbearing in the colony.

But he was not particularly successful, leaving other problems, both personal and public, to worry about. He was probably still wandering why the crew of the fleet had been lost.

Later the colony of NSW suffered against him, too—or at least part of it.

Governor Macquarie found that he had little success with the morals of the colony—people still shared no common morality.

The British Government became worried about this and other matters, and sent out a special investigator, Commissioner Bigge.

He reported to the Government on the state of the colony and a large section of the report dealt with the appalling morals at NSW and throughout.

He said that, although the free population had probably, and within the last three years, rapidly increased, the numbers of sexual marriages had not been any proportion to this increase.

Governor Macquarie had supported Commissioner Bigge's report. The morals of the great mass of the population is in the lowest of debauchery and religion almost totally forgotten.

Macquarie said, 'The scandalous and dissolute customs in general, and the many immoralities in particular, of persons of different sex cohabiting and living together, sanctioned by the legal law of matrimony.'

It was estimated that thousands of the children in the colony were not baptised—and therefore illegitimate.

It was to take 25 years of pressure from the administrators and the Church of England to bring the wayward colony back to respectability.

There was paid to the good example on by the arrival of men, respectable married British middle-class families.

Questions one: If religion represents a strong cultural craving in men for a spiritual life why did so many people in the colony of NSW ignore it so long?

Question two: Do you think that the imposition of legal marriage made the lives of the religious happy? If so, how?

References: Commissioner Bigge, The State and Character of the Population of NSW, and Van Diemen's Land, A P. H. Marriage and the Family in Australia.

Lesson 2.

Good Morning Children.

You will have read that the Liberal Party led by the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, has introduced conscription for 20-year-old boys.

Today we will study the last conscription legislation introduced in Australia—it was back in 1960.

Compulsory military training was introduced for boys between 14 and 16 years. The intention was to make 'every boy a soldier'—whether he liked it or not. Many people did not like it.

In the two-and-a-half years that followed the legislation, the government processed 27,500 parents for failing to register their boys for training.

In 1962 about 17,000 boys were registered out of a possible 40,000.

The government then decided that the children had no regard themselves—they felt that the parents might be leading them back.

But the boys appeared to be as equally unwilling to register as the parents had been.

The government began to prosecute the boys for failing to register and during 1963, averaged 262 cases a week.

Since 1963 to 1975, the courts imposed 4,921 boys for failing to attend military training.

Broken Hill was an interesting case of resistance. British business, Dr. C. J. Jones, said that 'Broken Hill did not vote freely in conscription and for many months the law was practically a dead letter there.'

The courts were an example of a boy, Alfred Frederick Giles, was sentenced to a fortnight's hard labour.

In New Zealand at about the same time similar legislation was passed and the boys formed a 'Young Men's Union'. The authorities arrested the leaders of this movement and refused them.

The New Zealand Socialist Party supported the cause and each week published a list of names of the boys who were imprisoned. There were 'Voice of Youth' and 'Voice of Youth' then.

During the war two referenda were held in Australia in an attempt to have conscription introduced and on both occasions the vote was 'no'.

But there was plenty of support for the war-servicers were plentiful—and all parties supported Australia's participation in the war.

It seems that what people needed was the traditional nature of conscription—it was a 'duty' done for justice.

Questions one: Do you think Australians are more facile now than in 1960?

Questions two: Do you think that the total lack of interest in the number of people who will fight for it is satisfactory?

Questions three: Do you think that people should be forced to fight for freedom?

References: Dr. C. J. Jones, The Story of Conscription in Australia, G. Greenwood, Australia, a Political and Social History.

corruption newspaper were censured.

An anti-corruption speech made at the Queensland parliament was printed in *Humour* (No. 77) and Hughes had his transcriptions through the mails stopped and then sent military officers to the Governor's Pressing Office and had all rights void.

During the corruption campaign Hughes was speaking at the Queensland town of Warwick and a man threw an egg at him. The Queensland policeman at the meeting refused to arrest the man and at the same sitting of parliament Hughes crossed his own Commonwealth Public Order.

In 1900, Hughes, after an hysterical speech was able to have the member for Kalbarrie Hugh Wilson expelled from parliament. Wilson had made a speech in support of the Irish rebels which Hughes condemned as disloyal to the Queen.

During the formation of the League of Nations where the first world war, Hughes opposed a total equality clause in the covenant and was successful in having it deleted.

If accepted the clause would have meant recognizing the Japanese as our equals and would have weakened the White Australia Policy.

You should note, children, that Japan was our ally in the first world war, was enemy in the second and is now our ally again.

Well, that ends the lesson on 'the little digger' and I would like you to answer the following questions.

Question one: Hughes did not serve in the war but is now known as 'the little digger'. Why?

Question two: Would you say that our present Prime Minister, Sir Robert Gordon Menzies, is strengthening the Chinese Aid, attempting to join the Communist Party, maintaining censorship, refusing to oppose symbols and introducing censorship down similar characteristics to 'the little digger'? If so, would you say they both suspected treason? Which part of his cheating should become a symbol in *After Day's reckoning*?

Reference: L. C. Jenkins, *The Story of Corruption in Australia*. G. Saver, *Australian Federal Politics and Law*.

PERILS OF THE DANCE

DANCING is for the most part attended with many amorous smiles, wanton compliments, unchaste kisses, scurrilous songs and sonnets, effeminate music, lust-provoking attire, ridiculous love-pranks; all which savour only of sensuality, of raging fleshly lusts. Therefore it is wholly to be abandoned of all good Christians. Dancing serves no necessary use, no profitable, laudable, or pious end at all; it issues only from the inbred pravity, vanity, wantonness, incontinency, pride, profaneness, or madness of men's depraved natures. Therefore it must needs be unlawful unto Christians. The way to heaven is too steep, too narrow, for men to dance in and keep revel-rout: No way is large or smooth enough for capering roisters, for jumping, skipping, dancing dames, but that broad, beaten, pleasant road that leads to hell.

WILLIAM Prynne, *Puritanism*, 1633

HONG KONG

Hong Kong is a town, very small,
Where Provencal crawls on its belly,
Where Poverty crawls,
In thousands of hovels,
Whose sun carpet or telly
UNITED STATES

"Come, Come, dancing with the Kio Kio,
Men get out your rifles and trade
It nigger just happy
In old Mississippi,
They red up as dead among ducks"

HAWAII

The tourists are dancing the hula,
The natives are in much trouble.
They remember a time,
When the tribe as its power,
Had Kamehameha as ruler.

Grant Nichol

The old saying 'the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world' is, we feel, just as true today as it ever was. This world will be our nation would think every man is a poster of responsibility should be earned.

Anyhow, here are a few conversations picked up over the past few weeks between well-known wives and husbands (just if you can't identify them you'll just have to let the character sitting next to you in the bus).

But, Warwick, you can't still be mad at him about that.

I suppose Sir Robert's a doing his best, dear. But I do think it's time he made you Sir Reginald.

Phil, I do wish Charles wouldn't be so controversial.

Frank, he must be a Communist.

THE POPE'S GIFT TO
THE POOR OF THE WORLD.



Voilà!

NOW YOU CAN FLY FRENCH FROM SYDNEY WITH QTA THE GREAT FRENCH AIRLINE...ROUND-THE-WORLD...EAST ON WEST...FROM NOVEMBER 18



Voilà!

NOW YOU CAN FLY FRENCH FROM SYDNEY WITH QTA THE GREAT FRENCH AIRLINE...ROUND-THE-WORLD...EAST ON WEST...FROM NOVEMBER 18



Both the above advertisements appeared simultaneously in 'THE AUSTRALIAN' (left) and the 'Sydney Morning Herald' (right). Some newspaper executives have 'Blosser-phobia'. September QZ featured a cover showing how the word 'blosser' had been censored from a cartoon in the Melbourne 'Sun'. This time Sydney 'Herald' executives panicked when confronted with a row of realistic French bottoms and applied a coat of whitewash. Thus QZ was hardly surprised when the 'Herald' refused to accept an ad for QZ in the Magazine Section of their Saturday edition. They would consider placing the ad elsewhere if we deleted the word 'saughty'. The QZ ad appeared untouched in 'THE AUSTRALIAN'.



"She may be a dame,
but she's Little Patrice to me.
—Wilbur.

The Australian Federal Cabinet was built in 1960. It is a solid wooden one capable of being modified. Its original style was quaintly Victorian (an after-thought really). The Cabinet is rather battered now, probably due to three laborious attempts to remodel it. Of late, a regency style has shown through its musty exterior, and after the big 1965 clean-up, 'Made in Britain' was discovered stamped on the base.

Its drawers were last replaced fifteen years ago, and now the Top Drawer has become stuck because it's never been cleaned-out. The other drawers are replaced, interchanged or cleaned every three years, but often the cleaning is very imperfect. One of the more unusual features is the antique-looking Money Drawer — it pops open every August, just like clockwork, but unfortunately in recent years it's only contained small change.

The Cabinet is only open for public inspection at certain times of the year, for the remainder it is stored and inspected for Borers and dry rot.

Despite all modifications, the Cabinet's outlook has remained square.

—AGGY-BUILT

Vibra Finger

(Full Length)



Novel Design allows localized massage in needed areas!

Lack of proper massage can bring on such problems as pyorrhea, well isolated gum. It can result in loosening of teeth and bad breath. Send order for your personal VIBRA-FINGER. Satisfaction guaranteed or return within 5 days. ONLY \$9.95. Goods paid or 10% deposit and balance C.O.D.

ATLAS INDUSTRIES

—Alfred Layne, 56, died today on the result of a fire in his wooden log.

The fire destroyed the room where Layne and his wife James jumped from his blazing clothes in flames.

Police said it was not known how Layne's log caught fire.



SOMMARTRAD

Swinging surfwear,
hawaiian and tahitian
hipsters, beach parkas,
bikinis, shirts and board shorts
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Accessories

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The Endless Summer

On any day of the year it's summer somewhere in the world. Bruce Brown's latest color film highlights the adventures of two young American surfers, Robert August and Mike Henson who follow this everlasting summer around the world. Their unique expedition takes them to Senegal, Ghana, Nigeria, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Hawaii and California. Share their experiences as they search the world for that perfect wave which may be forming just over the next horizon.

BRUCE BROWN FILMS

SYDNEY : UNION THEATRE
Parramatta Rd.

Exclusive season commencing Nov. 23rd.
Bookings at Surf Dive n' Ski.

411 George St., Phone 29-7080.....

MELBOURNE : DEBUT THEATRE, BRIGHTON.
Bookings Phone 92-3191.

Season starts Thurs., Feb. 4th.

WILL LAST
FOR
MORE
THAN ONE SEASON
20

REVEALED
AS Mr X
15



START
HERE

MAKES
THE
MONEY
22



THE CRIMINAL
LOVE OF
CHRISTMAS
20

SON ENROLLED
IN
ARTS COURSE
17



MONEY
IS
OVE



FOR A
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT
A BANK ACCOUNT
FOR 3 MONTHS
18

WITH THE
MANAGING DIRECTOR
DAUGHTER AT
THE CHRISTMAS
5 OFFICE PARTY
11

CONVERT
YOUR WIFE
INTO DECIMAL
CURRENCY
0000000000
7

WILL LAST FOR MORE THAN ONE SEASON



CONSTABLE....
CAN YOU AFFORD TO
TURN YOUR BACK ON
THIS MAGNIFICENT OFFER
 ...yes...even policemen
 are now allowed to
 subscribe to...

OZ

Send \$1 for 1 yr; \$2 for
 2 yrs to: OZ, 16 Hunter
 St, Sydney.

NAME:
 ADDRESS:
 STATE:

Special Xmas Gift

Send us your shopping
 list plus the required
 coinage and we will
 send a personalised
 gift card from you to
 them with a copy of the
 December issue.

* Rush copies are still available for 2/-
 Nov. 2, 4, 6, and 8 have sold out

seven. A nightclub. Three squares occupy
 the centre (background). Figure 1 is a dark
 lady. Figure 2 is a composite square-built
 square man with a square jaw and square
 head. If you press deeply into his eyes you
 can see that his brain cavity is occupied by
 a large wooden shoe. Figure 3 is an Aus-
 tralian. He is drunk.

Fig. 1 Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,
 I'm Mervyn Mahela.

Fig. 2 And I am Johannes Hendrikus Pre-
 torius Oomphakid van Maanen, the owner
 of the Padivind in Australia!

Fig. 3 'Are a pos, pe pos! I'm drunk!

Fig. 1 I'd like to say for you

Fig. 2 Shut up, Kaffir!

Fig. 3 Go over, ya black cannibal!

Fig. 1 For my first wife—

Fig. 2 Talk white, Kaffir!

Fig. 3 For wackaband!

Fig. 1 Please

Fig. 1 turns apoplectically towards a hideous
 standard figure standing already in the
 shadows.

Fig. 2 Who are you, man!

The figure leans deeply and replies in a
 whisper:

I am the management of Chequers. The
 customer is at eye right!

I am the management of Chequers. The
 customer is always right!

I am the management of Chequers.

—G.E.

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 Richard Walsh.
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 Sharp.

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 Color Filmstrips — 7/6 per 20 f.p.s.

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 for 50/- (prints: sheets 20: slides
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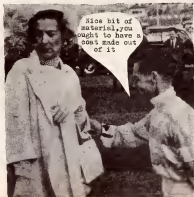
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Changing the Avant-Garde At Buckingham Palace

by
Barry
Baldwin

In response to recent demands that the Royal Family modernise itself and become more in touch with the common folk, we are privileged this month, instead of the old-fashioned Christmas Day message to the Commonwealth, to print the text of a letter from our richest Queen to one of her loyal subjects.

"Dear Mr Lennon,
Your husband and I . . . no, they can't be right . . . my husband and you no, that's a nice story between myself and Mr Hogg . . . my husband and I would like to thank you and your husband and his three young friends for making my Christmas Great again with their songs. The Chamberlain of the Eschinger (a very nice man) wrote to me last week and said that he would not be cutting my free allowance of £400,000 per annum off after all, because of all the money your husband and his three young friends have made for me.

All of us here at the Palace like your songs very much. Only the other day I caught Philip, bearing tune to 'A Hard Day's Night' with his Fair hair.

I am writing to you today primarily as a mother to a mother. I was wondering if my Charles and my Anne might come round and play with your baby. They are both keen on music. They are both well behaved and quite nicely spoken, though they haven't had the advantage of a bad education like you and your husband.

Oh, course, I have a fairly new baby, too, called Louise. I would like to tell him Rhapsody.

but my Minister for Colonial Affairs said it would be nice if we called him after that black man in America who plays the trumpet quite a lot. So we do, but I am sorry I think I shall change my Minister tomorrow. I mean, I mean, they are quite nice as their place, playing cricket and such like, but I did show the line at that Mr Cassius Clay writing to marry my Anne. As my sister Margaret said, 'I don't mind having the black man as my brother, but I don't want him for my brother-in-law.' What that a clever thing to say! Not that she's particularly dumb, mind. After all, her Tom does play a lot of Black and White work as a professional.

Oh, these two should have lived in one house sometime. We have a big place in London, you know. The point is, well let us say we have a new friend who comes round to see us every week. Celia Harrod from Yorkshire. Such an amazing woman, with all sorts of funny ideas. He might be able to find a good job for your husband, John. I have a personal favour to ask, a young man called American. He's called Robert, some body a Scots name I think. Will he want a new Governor-General? Perhaps you John would like that. Robert will do anything I tell him to.

Now, close now as it is time to practice my music. We've got that dramatic old man, Churchill coming in dinner again. That means the house will positively stink of tapers for weeks!

Yours for now
Elizabeth

London Letter

WHILE still reeling under the shock of winning a gold-plated medal as best at Tokyo every year, very rightly Sir John Trent with a jaw that they had a better left government. Australian around town were still on edge, but picked up a bit at the thought of the first meeting between Mr. Harold Wilson (prime minister, thinker, socialist and Puritan) and Sir Robert of the Thaxte. On the line of it the two have at least something in common: they both know a lot about cricket! But it seems unlikely that this by itself will be enough to revive the rocky-laden days of the last Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference, when Sir Robert arrived at a dinner again to lecture to a group of interested friends and different pupils.

Sir Robert and Sir Alec Douglas Home, the late unlamented Prime Minister of Britain, had so much in common that it looked like apoplexy. Both were white knights, confident of their ability to outmanoeuvre the black power, both thought of themselves as good at a complicated conspiracy to those and more positively, i.e., their purchase. Sir Robert's Chairman responsibilities in foreign affairs was totally offset by Sir Alec's as common. And finally, even if Sir Robert could drink Sir Alec under the table, he was friendly enough to do the same for himself as often as possible. Sir Robert was a sort of poor man's Sir Alec, only fatter.

Naturally, it was easy enough for Sir Robert and Sir Alec to arrive at that apocryphal to believe of conservative politicians, the Special Relationship. Then, however, Sir Robert drew what Sir Alec and his own man, Mr. Duncan Austin, told him to, in return he was given the best seat (the one with a view of the garden) and not that up ramps when he was completely unconscious.

Sir Robert made an excellent job of making the diplomatic strong among all the black nations over Southern Rhodesia, a point made the matter by his rather blarneyed moral and business for international equality when talking at people to whom English was a second language. Indeed, the conference resulted in it was only his ability to say nothing convincingly that commended his increasingly towards his favour.

However, Mr. Wilson will be something else, saying. He may even adopt the revolutionary attitude of asking a few more Commonwealth and colonial questions, and if that happens Sir Robert's days of preferential treatment are numbered not only might be unwilling to follow the English lead, but he probably wouldn't even understand it. And if Sir Robert is left to find his own way through the complexities of Commonwealth politics he is likely to sink without trace. For his sake we can only hope Mr. Wilson's interest in order will outweigh both his selfish views and his shortsightedness, because Sir Robert certainly hasn't made many friends in the rest of the Commonwealth.

—AIB.

Heroism at the one remove

a short story by Noel Macainish

I ONCE wrote a poem. Whether it was any good or not, I don't know — not that the critics wouldn't tell me. But their views were confused. Besides, I really preferred these critics who had been fond of their fathers, and such critics were hard to find. My poem was in praise of rockets, of these brave men who transmute the earth at satellites. Surprisingly, since I had used no religious reference, my poem was quite a success. Fame was mine. So much so, that I received a letter from a well-known government. They wished to house me, and invited me to ride in the next rocket to be launched. Normally, with a proposition of this nature, I would have pleased me to have quickly refused or to so at least I had not received it. However, more unfortunately, this government's offer was forwarded in the newspaper, I was expected to back up my poem. As ever, the expectations of the public were on the side of action. Previously, I felt my reply, strong in the nation. At the crucial moment, I pulled the wrong lever by mistake. I burnt in death. Being among the leading astronauts, I spent one more space — to a lonely and hungry oblivion. Of course, there was a chance that I might return, but then I did not consider this seriously.

Supposing I did reach solid ground again? The public would expect me to write more poems about Space. But frankly, I didn't think I had it in me. My original poem was about fire, on a water wheel. I stored things a little because I knew very well that rockets were most scrupulous. There are still things and even a few secret wheels, but no one is interested in such things now. I could, of course, have escaped into fiction. Poets have jinxed their lives, and even made themselves irrelevant, in the right amount of physical excess.

But the initiative remained. I argued. Inevitably, there were delays. It was feared that the technical equipment of this particular government was not very reliable. Several trials, all of the type that was to carry me, had proved dangerous. But improvements were being made. In the meantime, my time was growing so much so, that I was elected to the panel of judges of a beauty contest.

It was during this contest that my constant anxiety about the forthcoming flight was increasingly adapted by a curious incident. I became infatuated with one of the contestants. I passed strange nights with heated dreams. Naturally, the straining red hue of this beautiful appearance turned into flames and back again. There were rivers of flowers, showers of sparks. I clasped her in my arms, and delved through the stars, groping for air.

Fortunately, the whole thing came to earth. Behind closed doors,



a committee of my fellow judges urged me to contract. It appeared that various inspectors, equipped of modern gadgets and other scientific people, were watching me intently. My impending flight, and possible accident might not be pure. Besides, several of my fellow judges were, in relation to the contestants, also vying on personal problems. Caution was strongly urged all round.

Also, on the following day, when the contestants had to speak for

the first time, I discovered that this solemn measure of my dreams was a show. Several propositions that I put to her were promptly rejected. Obviously, she saw no future in me. I was disappointed. Yet, on descending from these clouds, I found that, in the height of my passion, I had written a poem to her. Not bad at all. I stored it a little, to appear as a relic of my former merit in the contest. I would use it later, when I reached earth again, or perhaps broadcast it to the world from orbit. It was called, 'My Type'.

The day of launching drew near. I now had an office to handle advertising propositions. These were growing more every day. Presently all industries were represented. My last escapee from among the celebrities featured on billboards and posters in the super-market. However, the constant photographing in various poses weighed upon me. I was forced to employ a stand-in. The flashlight affected my eyes so much so, that the occult prevented glasses, which detracted from any public image. The myth of the hero did not allow for glasses.

My stand-in was a girl-sold. He looked exactly like me, and was perfectly willing to pose in every attitude. He had no literary taste, such as I had, and was pathetically anxious to shine. At the same time, he was pathologically self-conscious. His loss of future was so great that he would risk no action on his own behalf. Only, if appearing to the world as me, he was his moderate inhibitions removed. He represented and collaborationist. All then done with the force of several years. At breakfast, he would pose with dozens of proprietary foods in turn, surrounded by photographers and changing his clothes continuously. He would smoke and drink without rest, new brands all the time. His day was a whirl — swimming, bowling, driving, dancing, leaving over beautiful women. A most varied programme. His life was perfect.

At the same time, something came over me as well. Somehow, my own life had improved. Most mornings, I would lie happily in bed till midday, reading literary reviews in which very perceptive people were constantly discovering new depths in my poem on Space. I learnt a good deal from these reviews. I assembled the points they made into a list. I then arranged the answers into the shape of the nose-cone of a rocket. At this stage, I passed the whole thing over to a dying scholar who translated the vertical sentences into Japanese and Chinese (Formosa). The rest of the world was standard or otherwise, like various world languages, on the basis of population. It was a universal poem. It might seem meaningless at first. But subsequent scholarship would undoubtedly point to the profound observations it contained. In the literary stock market my shares were bound to rise. The bear would yield to the bull.

I might add that out of gratitude I bought an expensive car for this old scholar. It was something he had longed for since his eyes. It was a great comfort to him in his last days to be driven through the town, with something at the periphery to which he had always felt entitled.

Contentment grew. My stand-in was happy, living in the full life of me. I was happy, living a full life without getting dead. Only one problem remained. Since that, I felt, was not impossible.

Several times the date for my launching was delayed. Technical failures. It was on one of these occasions that my stand-in broke down. To him, the prospect and of his unfulfilled life as me

was more than he could face. He begged me to let our arrangement continue to let him ride in the model, even at the peril of his life—which he felt was my life anyhow. It was heart-rending. I felt that to refuse him might be fatal or, at a minimum, provoke a severe mental disorder. I certainly did not want to do this.

We drove up a harem-like arrangement in the event of his return to earth; he would need my poems. So I told him "Dip Dip" together with the second one, which I had called "Homo Crinoid." Also, I told him the advertising business. All in all, these transactions came to a very tidy amount. He was very fortunate in this, since he was able to liquidate large monetary assets. Apparently, wealth had been a contributing factor in his peculiar behavior.

For no part, our arrangement involved removal. Thus, however, was no hardship as I now found that my literary success had changed. With the aid of geographical and tourist information, and a world-wide array of literature, I located a very pleasant area in South America. It easily appeared that everyone there was contented. Progress was a long way off. Now did they believe in extraterrests.

We shook hands, and looked each other in the eye. It was a strange look. Perhaps each was not seeing where his life lay. Overcome with emotion, I put my arms about him and wished him everything well. He thanked me deeply.

SEVERAL months elapsed since that parting. The final launching was again delayed. But profound improvement was in hand.

In the meantime, I was by no means idle. Out of a quip entered and very powerful curiosity about the future, I felt constrained to revise my studies on planetary behavior. After the manner of Regenerations, I set up a Hairy Figure. Previously, I had let these studies lapse, on moral grounds, since I was told that those who pursue dissection to create just the opposite is difficult to restrain are generally deprived of all self-control. Merely, it is apparently easier to reveal himself — even though a large part of our life must involve deception. Like of us, he it from his locker or the window, but not indeed from a furnace.

However, I was compelled — and succeeded — to find that for one of the mentioned days, the Moon and Venus were in square to himself, but of the earth. Also, Mars was hastening to the opposition, and a very conspicuous change was indicated. Not only that, but according to Ptolemy (Plutarch's translation, fifth and fifth Apollonian) it was that the years of the nation were diminished by the inferiority of the heavens, i.e., a constant battle, a constant war.

However, I returned to my studies of Spanish. First, was my a hero? Was my a hero? Yes, indeed, I was worried. It was the problem of identity. Would I be affected if he should die? I trembled from my childhood studies in Buddhism that underneath the surface of our ephemeral personalities we are all identical. The difference are not real. I had been very altered by this doctrine, since so many people believed it.

But I wanted to experiment, so I set still and waited for the feelings of my distant friend to come through to me, from underneath or behind, or from wherever indefinable source. At bottom, we are all the same. At bottom I felt a slight pressure but nothing definite. Indeed, I realized that this procedure involved a very naive interpretation of my past.

How could I set out his reference from the rest of mankind? Did I really want to be connected with the various personal experiences of a foolishly with occurring around the globe at that very instant? The response, yes. But, the same response, the tremor, frills, shivers, vibrations, stirrings? I became depressed again — just as I have — to read through the rest of a Spanish newspaper that the richer had gone up and landed safely. First, was my a hero?

However, not too late, alongside the media house, did I perceive that and find that the richer had made a half-flight only. It had landed in the sea, at the coast of Spain, and was now surrounded by the Russians were very dense. Fortunately, they were making a great fan of the short flight here. As a gesture of international co-operation, they proposed to export a Russian poet in the same way.

All this must have been too much for my friend. Apparently, he was suffered by the accumulation of speech he could not understand, and delighted to find that his person was now appearing in a whole new series of representations, not so common the countless Russian literary periods that were doing their own in his house. These journals were unanimous, as if the numerous efforts were but one man.

Amidst these were moving in reality, writing poems to him. The authorial had examined the notes and found nothing offensive. And what? Except that my poem, "Homo Crinoid" and "Dip Dip" were now in the hands of the legends. "Dip Dip" was now translated and hailed as a great success. I had long ago lost the original copy and was very pleased to find it in a museum at the Colorado, among the Spanish version of the Russian. Really, it was beginning to show the advantages previous of collective action. I felt a new respect for the author who had made the world — but he was becoming a collective creation. And from the first human understanding of "Homo Crinoid", from the scholarly hypothesis, the dispassionate report of such scientific evidence, I knew that I had aimed, like from the foundation, a new branch of literary inquiry. Here was a fresh field



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So every a distance. My friend and counterpart in Russia, from whom I have not heard in this day, was on their minds, and as noted the scholars, aggressively comb.

All of which, as you may well understand, has given me much to think about. On the one hand, I am a successful and busy personality in Russia. On the other, I had a very lonely life at retirement. I have time, yet my friends like me feel myself. This is a state not often attained.

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SWEET before February's dry weather, the grass has moved down the Hunter Valley. The heavy smoke poll covered over Newcastle, mingling with the sulphurous fume, and greatly the thousands inhaling the industrial city gas themselves up to history's greatest noxious city.

A delightful feature. With medical and social authorities the world over agreeing that marijuana could be a much more pleasing and less damaging way drug than alcohol, coming the fact that a forty mile band of rank growth of the plant is marketing tentatively down the banks of the Hunter. For the first time the wild growth of the plant in Australia has reached extensive public city. Perhaps this is the big breakthrough. Gradually it will be very hard to suppress the use of 'pot' in New South Wales about this, though no doubt some severe measures will be introduced out to a few tribes of the drug before any change in the legal position comes about.

Although almost unknown in Europe until the middle of the nineteenth century, the history of the drug is very long in Asia. Dr R. S. de Kopp, in his book 'Drugs and the Mind' says that all

Narcotic Taylor, as a vivid account of the plant's narcotic story, describes it as being well known to the Chinese Emperor Shen Nung, whose work on pharmacy was written in the year 2737 B.C. As soon as it appears, it is then about the plant, for that which first came happened was there as now, in almost all shapes. The same preparation from the plant was then called 'Shen Nung' (later a more intelligent generation of Chinese men called it 'The Bright Green', while the latest British called it 'The Wondrous Green' and 'The Wonder of Great').

The taking of 'Mung', 'Lushen' or 'Narcotic' has continued through the centuries despite the disapproval of many governments and governments. It has in various places in various

times been legal and illegal, encouraged and suppressed. The modern world with more rapid for most other than for such have spread the idea that it is addictive (it is not) that it is an epidemic (it is not) that taking it in some mysterious way to a person is killing cocaine and opium drugs in completely different classes to each other as well as to marijuana itself. That it is injurious to the health (it is less so than alcohol) and so the 'character' of the person grows before that happens is injurious to the character. But the plant is hardy and adaptable, and the preparation of the active drug is easy, so the cannabis has proved indispensable to many men.

The simplest way in which marijuana is prepared and taken is merely by drying the flowering tops of the female flowers (which open around February in the Australian climate) and smoking them. preferably on an empty stomach to get the full effect. Many colorful and exotic ways outside the nation in which the 'character' of Central Asia is gathered by laborers working further afield, passing through fields of the blooming plant. The women without containing the active drug collect on the spot, and is stripped off and pressed into green cakes which are one of the most concentrated forms of the drug known.

We can well wonder in what form the flowers newest crop could best be offered to the domestic and export markets. Perhaps it could be scraped off the stems of the dried plant, prepared to be parboiled the fields, and thus be associated with that green figure who every day comes down in representing the Australian image at home and abroad. But at this point the world is either not ready or not ready to be associated with that green figure who every day comes down in representing the Australian image at home and abroad. But at this point the world is either not ready or not ready to be associated with that green figure who every day comes down in representing the Australian image at home and abroad. But at this point the world is either not ready or not ready to be associated with that green figure who every day comes down in representing the Australian image at home and abroad.

—DERMOTT M. FORD.

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